

Recently I befriended an elderly lady, in her mid-seventies. A few weeks later, her mother who was well in her 90 died. I sent her my condolences and met her again almost a year later. Just a few minutes after being together, it all came out! The verbal, emotional, physical abuse from her mother who herself had been badly damaged as a child. My friend was an only child, perhaps an abortion survivor who suffered abuse and neglect from childhood. Married to a man, who repeated the same pattern, she became pregnant. Her mother tried to persuade her to abort the child and made her jump off tables and put her feet in evil smelling solutions to try and induce a miscarriage. The child was born but became an angry, rebellious abortion survivor, a drug addict later in life. She attacked and robbed her grandmother several times for drug money. My friend's mother convinced her to abort her second child. Later a third child was conceived and allowed to live. I was saddened to realise that my friend had carried such a weight for all these years. I was sad that there was no Hope Alive group in the area where I could refer her to. I was sad that in the middle of life there was such a lonely, hurting beautiful person. I was sad that everywhere in the world this story can be heard over and over and the world goes by not listening, not caring. It seems the world is like the water rushing at the edge of a waterfall poised almost motionless before the moment from which there can be no return.

Marie Peeters-Ney